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LIVES OF THE EARLY PAINTERS.

BY MRS. JAMESON.

ANDREA DEL SARTO.

Born 1488, died 1530.

Andrea Vannuchi was the son of a tailor (in Italian *Sarto*); hence the appellation by which he was early known, and has since become celebrated. He was born in 1478, and like many others, began life as a goldsmith and chaser in metal, but soon after turning his attention to painting, and studying indefatigably, he attained so much excellence that he was called in his own time "*Andrea senza errori*," that is, *Andrea the Faultless*. He is certainly one of the most fascinating of painters; but in all his pictures, even the finest, while we are struck by the elegance of the heads and the majesty of the sentiment and expression. It would be difficult to point out any picture of Andrea del Sarto which has either simplicity or devotional feeling.

A man possessed of genius and industry, loving his art, and crowned with early fame and success, ought to have been through life a prosperous and a happy man. Andrea was neither. He was miserable, unfortunate, and contemned, through his own fault or folly. He loved a beautiful woman of infamous character, who was the wife of a hatter; and on the death of her husband, in spite of her bad reputation and the warnings of his best friends, he married her. From that hour he never had a quiet heart, or home, or conscience. He had hitherto supported his old father and mother. She prevailed on him to forsake them. His friends stood aloof, pitying and despising his degradation. His scholars (and formerly the most promising of the young artists of that time had been emulous for the honor of his instructions) now fell off, unable to bear the detestable temper of the woman who governed his house. Tired of this existence, he accepted readily an invitation from Francis I., who, on his arrival at Paris, loaded him with favor and distinction) but after a time, his wife, finding she had no longer the same command over his purse or his proceedings, summoned him to return. He had entered into such engagements with Francis I. that this was not easy; but, as he pleaded his domestic position, and promised, and even took an oath on the Gospel, that he would return in a few months, bringing with him his wife, the king gave him license to depart, and even intrusted him with a large sum of money to be expended in certain specified objects.

Andrea hastened to Florence, and there, under the influence of his infamous wife, he embezzled the money, which was wasted in his own and her extravagance; and he never returned to France to keep his oath and engagements. But, though he had been weak and wicked enough to commit this crime, he had sufficient sensibility to feel acutely the disgrace which was the consequence. It preyed on his mind, and embittered the rest of his life. The avarice and infidelity of his wife added to his sufferings. He continued to paint, however, and improved to the last in correctness and beauty of color.

In the year 1530 he was attacked by a contagious disorder. Abandoned on his death-bed by the woman to whom he had sacrificed honor, fame, and friends, he died miserably, and was buried hastily, and without the usual ceremonies of the church, in the same convent of the Nunziata where he had adorned with his works.

Andrea del Sarto can only be estimated as a painter by those who have visited Florence. Fine as are his oil-pictures, his paintings in fresco are still finer. One of these, a *Repose of the Holy Family*, has been celebrated, for the last two centuries, under the title of the *Madonna del Sacco*, because Joseph is represented leaning on a sack. There are engravings of it in the British Museum.

The cloisters of the convent of the Nunziata, and a building called the Scalzo, at Florence, contain his most admired works. His finest picture in oil is in the Florence Gallery, in the cabinet called the Tribune, where it hangs behind the *Venus de' Medici*. It represents the Virgin seated on a throne, with St. John the Baptist standing on one side, and St. Francis on the other; a picture of wonderful majesty and beauty. In general his Madonnas are not pleasing. They have, with great beauty, a certain vulgarity of expression; and in his groups he almost always places the Virgin on the ground, either kneeling or sitting. His only model for all the females was his wife; and even when he did not paint from her, she so possessed his thoughts that unconsciously he repeated the same features in every face he drew, whether Virgin, or saint, or goddess. Pictures by Andrea del Sarto are to be found in almost all galleries, but very fine examples of his art are rare out of Florence. The picture in our National Gallery attributed to him is very unworthy of his reputation. Those at Hampton Court are not better. There is a fine portrait at Windsor, called the Gardener of the Duke of Florence, attributed to him; and a female head, a sketch full of nature and power. In the Louvre is the picture of *Charity*, No. 85, painted for Francis I. when Andrea was at Fontainebleau in 1518, and three others. Lord Westminister, Lord Landsdowne, Mr. Munroe of Park St., and Lord Cowper in his collection at Panshanger, possess the finest examples of Andrea del Sarto, which are in England. At Panshanger there is a very fine portrait of Andrea del Sarto by himself. He is represented as standing by a table at which he has been writing, and looking up from the letter which lies before him. The figure is half-length, and the countenance noble, but profoundly melancholy. One might fancy that he had been writing to his wife.

RAPHAEL SANZIO D'URBINO.

Born 1483, died 1520.

We have spoken at length of two among the great men who influenced the progress of art in the beginning of the sixteenth century—Leonardo da Vinci and Michael Angelo. The third and greatest name was that of Raphael.

In speaking of this wonderful man we shall be more diffuse and enter more into detail than usual. How can we treat, in a small compass, of him whose fame has filled the universe? In the history of Italian art he stands alone, like Shakspeare in the history of our literature; and he takes the same kind of rank—a superiority not merely of degree, but of quality. Everybody has heard of Raphael; every one has attached some associations of excellence and beauty, more or less defined, to that familiar name; but it is necessary to have studied profoundly the history of art, and to have an intimate acquaintance with the productions of contemporary and succeeding artists, to form any just idea of the wide and lasting influence exercised by this harmonious and

powerful genius. His works have been an inexhaustible storehouse of ideas to painters and to poets. Everywhere in art we find his traces. Everywhere we recognise his forms and lines, borrowed or stolen, reproduced, varied, imitated—never improved. Some critic once said, "Show me any sentiment or feeling in any poet, ancient or modern, and I will show you the same thing either as well or better expressed in Shakspeare." In the same manner one might say, "Show me in any painter, ancient or modern, any especial beauty of form, expression, or sentiment, and in some picture, drawing, or print, after Raphael, I will show you the same thing as well or better done, and *that* accomplished which others have only sought or attempted." To complete our idea of this rare union of greatness and versatility as an artist with all that could grace and dignify the man, we must add such personal qualities as very seldom meet in the same individual—a bright, generous, genial, gentle spirit; the most attractive manners, the most winning modesty,

"His heavenly face the mirror of his mind;
His mind a temple for all lovely things
To flock to, and inhabit;"—

and we shall have a picture in our fancy more resembling that of an antique divinity, a young Apollo, than a real human being. There was a vulgar idea at one time prevalent that Raphael was a man of vicious and dissipated habits, and even died a victim to his excesses. This slander has been silenced forever by indisputable evidence to the contrary, and now we may reflect with pleasure that nothing rests on more sure evidence than the admirable qualities of Raphael; that no earthly renown was ever so unsullied by reproach, so justified by merit, so confirmed by concurrent opinion, so established by time. The short life of Raphael was one of incessant and persevering study. He spent one-half of it in acquiring that practical knowledge, and that mechanical dexterity of hand, which were necessary before he could embody in forms and colors the rich creations of his wonderful mind; and when he died, at the age of thirty-seven, he left behind him two hundred and eighty-seven pictures, and five hundred and seventy-six drawings and studies. If we reflect for one moment, we must be convinced that such a man could not have been idle and dissipated; for we must always take into consideration that an excellent painter must be not only a poet in mind, but a ready and perfect artificer; and that, though nature may bestow the "genius and the faculty divine," only time, practice, assiduous industry, can give the exact and cunning hand. "An author," as Richardson observes, "must think, but it is no matter what character he writes; he has no care about that, if what he writes be legible. A curious mechanic's hand must be exquisite; but his thoughts may be at liberty." The painter must think and invent with his fancy, and what his fancy invents his hand must acquire the power to execute, or vain is his power of creative thought. It has been observed—though Raphael was unhappily an exception—that painters are generally long-lived and healthy, and that, of all the professors of science and art, they are the least liable to alienation of mind or morbid effects of the brain. One reason may be, that through the union of the opposite faculties of the excursive fancy and mechanic skill—head and hand balancing each other—a sort of harmony in their alternate or co-efficient exercise is preserved habitually, which re-acts on the whole moral and

physical being. As Raphael carried to the highest perfection the union of those faculties of head and hand which constitute the complete artist, so this harmony pervaded his whole being, and nothing deformed or discordant could enter there. In all the portraits which exist of him, from infancy to manhood, there is a divine sweetness and repose. The little cherub face of three years old is not more serene and angelic than the same features at thirty. The child whom father and mother, guardian and step-mother, caressed and idolized in his loving innocence, was the same being whom we see in the prime of manhood subduing and reigning over all hearts, so that, to borrow the words of a contemporary, "not only all men, but the very brutes, loved him;" the only very distinguished man of whom we read who lived and died without an enemy or a detractor!

Raphael Sanzio or Santi was born in the city of Urbino, on Good Friday, in the year 1483. His father, Giovanni Santi, was a painter of no mean talent, who held a respectable rank in his native city, and was much esteemed by the Dukes Federico and Guidobaldo of Urbino, both of whom played a very important part in the history of Italy between 1474 and 1494. The name of Raphael's mother was Maria, and the house in which he was born is still standing, and regarded by the citizens of Urbino with just veneration. He was only eight years old when he lost his mother, but his father's second wife, Bernardino, well supplied her place, and loved him and tended him as if he had been her own son. His father was his first instructor, and very soon the young pupil was not only able to assist him in his works, but showed such extraordinary talent that Giovanni deemed it right to give him the advantage of better teaching than his own. Perugino was the most celebrated master of that time, and Giovanni traveled to Perugino to make arrangements for placing Raphael under his care; but before these arrangements were completed the good father died, in August, 1494. His wishes were, however, carried into execution by his widow and by his wife's brother, Simone Ciarla; and Raphael was sent to study under Perugino, in 1495, being then twelve years old.

He remained in this school till he was nearly twenty, and was chiefly employed in assisting his master. A few pictures painted between his sixteenth and twentieth year have been authenticated by careful research, and are very interesting from being essentially characteristic. There is, of course, the manner of his master Perugino, but mingled with some of those qualities which were particularly his own, and which his after life developed into excellence; and nothing in these early pictures is so remarkable as the gradual improvement of his style, and his young predilection for his favorite subject, the Madonna and Child. The most celebrated of all his pictures painted in the school of Perugino was one representing the Marriage of the Virgin Mary to Joseph—a subject which is very common in Italian art, and called *Lo Sposalizio* (the Espousals). This beautiful picture is preserved in the Gallery at Milan. There is a large and fine engraving of it by Longhi, which can be seen in any good print-shop. In the same year that he painted this picture (1504), Raphael visited Florence for the first time. He carried with him a letter of recommendation from Giovanna, Duchess of Sora, and sister of the Duke of Urbino, to Soderini, who had succeeded the exiled Medici, in the government of Florence. In this letter the duchess styles him "a discreet and

amiable youth," to whom she was attached for his father's sake and for his own good qualities, and she requests that Soderini will favor and aid him in his pursuits. Raphael did not remain long at Florence in this first visit, but he made the acquaintance of Fra Bartolomeo and Ridolfo Ghirlandajo, and saw some cartoons by Lionardo da Vinci and Michael Angelo, which filled his mind with new and bold ideas both of form and composition. In the following year he was employed in executing several large pictures for various churches at Perugia. One of these, a large altar-piece, painted for the church of the Servite, is now at Blenheim; it is full of beauty and dignity. Beneath it was a little picture of St. John preaching in the Wilderness, which is in the possession of Lord Landsdowne. About the same time he painted for himself a lovely little miniature called the Dream of the Young Knight, in which he represents a youth armed, who sees in a vision two female figures, one alluring him to pleasure, the other, with a book and sword, inviting him to study and to strive for excellence. This is now in England, in the possession of Lady Sykes. It has been lately engraved in an exquisite style by Mr. L. Griner.

When he had finished these and other works, he returned to Florence, and remained there till 1508.

Some of the most exquisite of his works may be referred to this period of his life, that is, before he was five-and-twenty.

One of these is the Madonna sitting under the Palm-tree, while Joseph presents flowers to the Infant Christ. This may be seen in the Bridgewater Gallery. A second is the Madonna in the possession of Earl Cowper, and now at Panshanger. Another is the famous Madonna in the Florentine Gallery, called the Madonna del Cardellino (the Virgin of the Goldfinch), because the little St. John is presenting a goldfinch to the Infant Christ. Another, as famous, now in the Louvre, called the Belle Jardiniere, because the Madonna is seated in a garden amid flowers, with Christ standing at her knee. The St. Catherine in our National Gallery was also painted about the same period: and the little picture of St. George and the Dragon, which Guidobaldo, Duke of Urbino, sent as a present to Henry VII., and which is now at St. Petersburg. In this picture St. George is armed with a lance, and has the Garter round his knee, with the inscription "Honi soit qui mal y pense." There is another little St. George in the Louvre, in which the saint is about to slay the dragon with a sword. And there are, besides, two or three large altar-pieces and some beautiful portraits; in all about thirty pictures painted during the three years he spent at Florence.

RAPHAEL AT ROME.

In his twenty-fifth year, when Fra Bartolomeo, Lionardo da Vinci, and Michael Angelo, were all at the height of their fame, and many years older than himself, the young Raphael had already become celebrated from one end of Italy to the other. At this time Julius II. was pope. Of his extraordinary and energetic character we have already spoken at length, in the life of Michael Angelo. At the age of seventy he was revolving plans for the aggrandisement of his power and the embellishment of the Vatican which it would have taken a long life to realize. Conscious that the time before him was to be measured by months rather than by years, and ambitious to concentrate in his own person all the glory that must ensue from

such magnificent works, he listened to no obstacles, he would endure no delays, he spared no expense, in his undertakings. Bramante, the greatest architect, and Michael Angelo, the greatest sculptor, in Italy, were already in his service. Lionardo da Vinci was then employed in public works at Florence, and could not be engaged; and he, therefore, sent for Raphael to undertake the decoration of those halls in the Vatican which Pope Nicholas V. and Sixtus IV. had begun and left unfinished. The invitation, or rather order, of the pope, was as usual so urgent and so peremptory, that Raphael hurried from Florence, leaving his friends Bartolomeo and Ghirlandajo to complete his unfinished pictures, and immediately on his arrival at Rome he commenced the greatest of his works, the Chambers (*Camere*) of the Vatican.

In general, when Raphael undertook any great work illustrative of sacred or profane history, he did not hesitate to ask advice of his learned and literary friends on points of costume or chronology. But when he began his paintings in the Vatican he was wholly unassisted, and the plan which he laid before the pope, and which was immediately approved and adopted, shows that the grasp and cultivation of his mind equalled his powers as a painter. He dedicated this first saloon, called in Italian the Camera della Segnatura, to the glory of those high intellectual pursuits which may be said to embrace in some form or other all human culture—he represented Theology, Poetry, Philosophy, and Jurisprudence.

And first on the ceiling he painted in four circles four allegorical female figures with characteristic symbols throned amid clouds, and attended by beautiful genii. Of these, the figure of Poetry is distinguished by superior grandeur and inspiration. Beneath these figures, and on the four sides of the room he painted four great pictures, each about fifteen feet high by twenty or twenty-five feet wide, the subjects illustrating historically the four allegorical figures above. Under Theology he placed the composition called *La Disputa*, that is, the argument concerning the holy sacrament. In the upper part is the heavenly glory, the Redeemer in the centre, beside him the Virgin mother. On the right and left, arranged in a semi-circle, patriarchs, apostles, and saints, all seated; all full of character, dignity, and a kind of celestial repose befitting their beatitude. Angels are hovering round; four of them, surrounding the emblematic Dove, hold the Gospels. In the lower half of the picture are assembled the celebrated doctors and teachers of the Church, grand, solemn, meditative figures; some searching their books, some lost in thought, some engaged in colloquy sublime. And on each side, a little lower, groups of disciples and listeners, every head and figure a study of character and expression—all different, all full of nature, animation, and significance; and thus the two parts of the magnificent composition, the heavenly beatitude above, the mystery of faith below, combine into one comprehensive whole. This picture contains about fifty full-length figures.

Under Poetry we have Mount Parnassus. Apollo and the Muses are seen on the summit. On one side, near them, the epic and tragic poets, Homer, Virgil, Dante. (Ariosto had not written his poem at this time, and Milton and Tasso were yet unborn.) Below, on each side, are the lyrical poets, Petrarch, Sappho, Corinna, Pindar, Horace. The arrangement, grouping, and character, are most admirable and graceful; but Ra-

phael's original design for this composition, as we have it engraved by Marc Antonio, is finer than the fresco, in which there are many alterations which cannot be considered as improvements.

Under Philosophy he has placed the School of Athens. It represents a grand hall or portico, in which a flight of steps separates the foreground from the background. Conspicuous, and above the rest, are the elder intellectual philosophers, Plato, Aristotle, Socrates: Plato characteristically pointing upwards to heaven; Aristotle pointing to the earth; Socrates impressively discoursing to the listeners near him.

Then, on a lower plan, we have the Sciences and Arts, represented by Pythagoras and Archimedes; Zoroaster, and Ptolemy the geographer; while alone, as if avoiding and avoided by all, sits Diogenes the Cynic. Raphael has represented the art of painting by the figure of his master Perugino, and has introduced a portrait of himself humbly following him. The group of Archimedes (whose head is a portrait of Bramante, the architect) surrounded by his scholars, who are attentively watching him as he draws a geometrical figure, is one of the finest things which Raphael ever conceived; and the whole composition has in its regularity and grandeur a variety and dramatic vivacity which relieve it from all formality. This picture contains also not less than fifty figures.

Law, or Jurisprudence, from the particular construction of the wall on which the subject is painted, is represented with less completeness, and is broken up into divisions. Prudence, Fortitude, and Temperance, are above; below, on one side, is Pope Gregory delivering the ecclesiastical law; and on the other, Justinian promulgating his famous code of civil law. The whole decoration of this chamber forms a grand allegory of the domain of human intellect, shadowed forth in creations of surpassing beauty and dignity.

The description here given is necessarily brief and imperfect. We advise our readers to consult the engravings of these frescoes, and with the above explanation they will probably be intelligible; at all events, the wonderfully prolific genius of the painter will be appreciated, in the number of the personages introduced and the appropriate characters of each.

To be Continued.

WHAT POETS THINK OF MUSIC.

BY GEORGE R. FOULTON.

The Poets of all ages seem to have been richly endowed with love and appreciation of music, and peculiar susceptibility to "sweet sounds." Many of them have crowded their works with beautiful allusions to music, and descriptions of its power and influence. In nearly every poetic vision of the brightness and surpassing happiness of a Future, music takes a prominent part—as also in every scheme of domestic enjoyment and delight. All concur in allowing its influence as a softener in care and sorrow, and powerful zest—given in seasons of joy. Every beautiful and refining influence is in harmony with it, and the great human heart joyfully responds to its witchery. It is not strange, then, that Poets should celebrate its praise or sing its triumphs; for they, of all men, are best fitted to feel the full measure of its greatness or power. Shakspeare was particularly

fond of music, as is evidenced by its frequent mention in his works. How beautiful the following extracts:

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!

Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music Creep in our ears! soft stillness, and the night, Become the touches of sweet harmony!"

"For do but note a wild and wanton herd! Or race of youthful or unhandled colts, Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,

Which is the hot condition of their blood; If they but hear, perchance, a trumpet sound, Or any air of music touch their ears, You shall perceive them make a mutual stand, Their savage eyes turned to a modest gaze By the sweet power of music!"

Milton, in *Il Penserosa* says:

"Let the pealing organ blow To the full voiced choir below, In service high and anthems clear; As may with sweetness through mine ear Dissolve me into ecstasies. And bring all heaven before mine eyes!"

Also in one of his sonnets:

"The bright seraphims in burning row, Their loud uplifted angel trumpets blow; And the cherubic host, in thousand choirs, Touch the immortal harps of golden wires; With those just spirits that wear victorious palms, Hymns devout and holy psalms Singing everlastingly."

In the *Iliad* of Homer, we read of

"Feasts enhanced by music's sprightly sound."—Of "sweet music and the charm of song,"—And that "general songs the sprightly revels end."

And both the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* of this author abound in beautiful allusions to music. Tasso sings to Leonora:

"I am but like The unvalued lyre, which all chance fingers strike, Learned or unlearned, and which in various tones Now mildly murmurs, and now harshly moans!"

Again, in *Jerusalem Delivered*, he says:—

"When now the Orient opened to the sun Its shining gates, the mingled voice profound Of trumpet, tambour, horn, and cymbalon, Cheered to the march the stirring troops around; Not half so grateful is the thunder's sound On the hot dog-days, to the world forlorn, Presaging freshness to the thirsty ground, As to these warlike tribes the music drawn From marshal tribes that treat of battles to be born!"

Dante speaks of

"The sweet strain of psalmody,"—

And of

"A strain of Dulcet symphony,"

Also of the music of the spheres—of which Milton says:

"In their motion harmony divine So smooth her charming tones, that God's own ear Listens delighted!"

And Chaucer, of the same, sings quaintly as follows:

"And after that the melodie herd he That cometh of thilke speris thryis three, That wells of musique ben and melodie. In this world here, and cause of harmonie!"

Pindar, Anacreon, and Euripedes, are filled with musical metaphors, comparisons, and descriptions. Virgil also discourses lovingly of music, and seems to have been greatly enamored by its effects. Catullus sings often of its power, and

with unsurpassed elegance and originality. The Roman Poet, Lucretius, is enthusiastic about music; and in Ovid we have many fanciful conceits concerning it.

Cowper says:

"Hark! how it floats upon the dewy air! Oh, what a dying, dying close was there! 'Tis harmony from yon sequestered bower, Sweet harmony, that soothes the midnight hour!"

And Holton:

"Now the winged people of the sky shall sing My cheerful anthems to the gladsome Spring!" While Croly makes a Grecian maiden stray among the hills, imagining many things:

"Then tell her Lyre the vision; nor had Eve A sound, or rosy color of the clouds, Or infant star, but in her solemn songs It lived again!"

Coleridge says of the notes of the Skylark:

"Such The unobtrusive song of happiness— Unearthly minstrelsy; only heard When the soul seeks to hear—when all is hush'd, And the heart listens!"

And, once more, Shakspeare:

"That strain again; it had a dying fall; Oh! it came o'er my ear like the sweet south, That breathes upon a bank of violets, Stealing, and giving odor!"

In Pope's works, we find many a thought upon music. In his *Ode to St. Cecilia* we read the following:

"Music the fiercest grief can charm, And Fate's severest rage disarm; Music can soften pain to ease, And make despair and madness please; Our joys below it can improve, And antedate the bliss above!"

Campbell's *Julia* sang to Theodoric:

"And brought Those trains before him of luxuriant thought, Which only music's heav'n-born art can bring, To sweep across the mind with angels' wing!"

Campbell's *Constance*, too, was musical:

"Her fingers witch'd the chords they passed along, And the lips seem'd to kiss the soul and song!"

Wordsworth, in one of his smaller poems, says:

"The music in my heart I bore, Long after it was heard no more."

Moore exclaims, addressing himself to music:

"Why should Feeling ever speak, When thou canst breathe her soul so well?"

In Scott, we read of the minstrels that:

"They sound the pipe, they strike the string, They dance, they revel, and they sing."

His poems abound with fine passages relating to music, and we learn a great deal of the troubadours and song-singers of his time from them. Never was a more beautiful and affecting portrayal of the creeping on of the infirmities of age, than the one at the beginning of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*—where the Poet shows us the poor old Harper, introduced to the stately Duchess at his own request, and endeavoring to tune the loved instrument "a king once loved to hear," while his trembling hand refuses to do his bidding, and his ear to recognise the chords once so familiar to it. After much gentle encouragement, he succeeds in accomplishing the tuning of his harp, and then wishes to sing, but fears that his memory will not suffice to recall the "long-forgotten melody."

"Amid the strings his fingers strayed, And one uncertain warbling made, And oft he shook his hoary head,"

Till the spirit of the "olden time" seemed to